MARVEL
ULTIMATE
WOLVERINE
1
CONDON
CAPPUCCIO | VALENZA
JAN. 2025 | RATED T+

Near the border of the Eurasian Republic and Latveria, E.R. airspace.
Look at him.
You think he can hear us?
Why don't you ask?
I'm not asking him *nothing*. Creeps me out...
I heard he was part of an experiment gone wrong in the North American Union.
Gorokhovsky in infantry, he says he's not a *man* at all...
He says he's pieced together from corpses of soldiers who died in combat.
He says he ***can't die.*** They blow him up, stab him, shoot him. He always comes back, same as before.

W-w-we d-didn't--
CHAK
What's he--?
He doesn't have a chute...

Holy [redacted].
"Look! A survivor!"

You owe me a beer, Sukolov.
I owe you [redacted]. They said there would be no survivors from the airstrike. They did.
Blast like that...
Well, explain him. If it were up to me, we'd exterminate all these Opposition dogs. Terrorists. Killers.
Hnn...
Sukolov, tell me: What do you do with an injured dog?
Hurrrrrr--
SKRNCH
You shoot it.
CLIK

You see that? A Republic missile?
No. Debris. Maybe a satellite falling from orbit?
But it's coming right at us...
KHOOOOOOOM
Take cover!

-Koff-koff-
I can't see a thing...
SNIKT
Y-you heard that?
BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA
SHLCK
O-oh my GAAAAHHHHH--!
Dom! What's--?

BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA
Soldiers! Arm yourselves!
SHUNK
SHUNK
Brothers and sisters! Leave! NOW!
WHOOM
"The specimen has not taken kindly to his cell.

WHAM
This is same specimen who survived air strike on Opposition compound outside Rasputingrad, yes?
And a bullet at point-blank range to the temple, Magik. He regenerated his whole body in record time and had strength enough to kill the soldier who shot him.
Hmm... impressive.
Come, Arkady. Jealous?
No, Piotr...I think I like him.
Subject originates from the North American Union like some of the other Opposition forces, though it hasn't spoken since we brought it to Moscow.
So... what can we do with this?
We have attempted skeletal enhancement before, as you know.
Yes... I recall your last failure.
And we cannot permit another such failure, Dr. Prostovich.
WHAM
WHAM
WHAM
I don't think you need worry... not with this specimen.
ARRGHH--

It seems... *wild.*
For now, yes. But what this specimen has that other specimen lacked is simple: *instinct.* He's a survivor.
An example: We try to administer a sedative four times. Four times we *lose* the technician.
Then it cannot be controlled. This specimen is useless.
All due respect, dear leader...
...but I think you forget it is not the only specimen we have here.
You mean the telepath?
For starters, yes.
Once we have it under control, I do not think the Opposition will be a problem much longer. And that? That is *quite* useful.

KRIK-
KRAK
I know that man. Raven, I know... It's--
FIIIIIIRE!
BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA
Nn--the Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want...

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death...
SHUK
...I will fear no evil...
BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA
SHANK
KRAAAK
...for thou art with me...
SHLUCK
...thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

SNFF
SNFF
Opposition rats are swarming all over this--
KA-HNK
SNFF
SNFF

Oh.
SHING
WHUD
KRAK
DIE!
BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA

CHANK
SHLSHHHH
Nn--
glk--
GLUK--
ULK--

Mein Gott.
"The specimen is sedated, yes?"

Sedate but not sedated. He is under *control.*
Precaution. Its mind is empty. Ours for molding.
Yet it is chained?
Its allegiance will be only to the Eurasian Republic?
Yes, Colossus. Its memories have been wiped completely. It will not even know its own name.
But that instinct--its *survival instinct*--will remain. You will not find another specimen like it. Close, maybe. But this specimen is truly unique.
Its past self is dead. "Logan" it was once called, but no more. We have taken to calling it by a nickname. Seemed fitting.
Lived, died and born again as we choose. It will be cold-blooded, relentless, *merciless.* We call it...

"...our Winter Soldier."
If you are who I think you are... No...I know. I know it's you. I don't know what they've done to you, but this...this isn't you.
KRAAAK
Mein Freund, it's me--Kurt. I beg you. Please.
I do not wish to fight.
SHUK
SHUK
KRAAAK

I am sorry.
BAMF
BAMF
SKRAAASH

Forgive me...but I do what I must.
KACHIK
SHINK
BAMF
BAMF
BAMF
BAMF
BAMF
BRAKA
BRAKA
BRAKA
BRAKA
BRAKA
BAMF

BAMF
BAMF
BRAKA
BRAKA
BRAKA
SNFF
SNFF
BAMF
AH--!
SHLUK
SHLUK
Nyah--
Gottes Segen,
Logan.

If you're in there, my friend, I pray you have the strength... I'm sorry we weren't quick enough... Nn. We came back...
...we came back for y-you... We would always... come back... for...
SHLK

"This...this is your enemy."

They are dirty. They are cowards. They are *wrong*. But... we have one thing in common. We both know how to *fight*.
Difference is...*we* know how to *win*.
Look at these two. Escaped two years ago from the East Berlin Camp.
They could have been part of the solution. Like you. Part of *history*. Given themselves, their bodies, their abilities for the Republic.
Instead, they are running away. But not you. You--you are a fighter.
You, my friend...you aren't part of history. No...you *are* history...

SNFF
SNFF

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death...
"...I will fear no evil."
TO BE CONTINUED...

CONTENT:
Recovered at St. Michael's raid
Jan. 18, E.R. Borderlands

MARKED FOR:
DESTRUCTION

A Prayer

My friends, we have prayed together many times and in many situations. Some of you are new to this parish, others have been with us for years, others decades—long before I accepted the call. I ask you all to pray with me now.

Our lives have been fraught since the time of our birth; that much is certain. But we have instilled within us a hope—a light within each of us that we must follow as we strive to bring order to our world and justice to our people. Our skin may be different, our genetics unique and supernatural. For this, we have been hated, hunted and used for nefarious deeds outside of our control. Those of us who have escaped the tortures of the leaders in Moscow know firsthand the suffering endured to bring their poisonous visions to life. I pray that those of you who have been born free of this never know the pain many of us still experience when the lights are low and our spirits dampened.

We fight a good fight, my friends. Not because we are idealistic or have some ulterior political motive. We fight for our lives. It is survival—pure and simple. We have lost many in this fight. We have lost friends and loved ones, husbands, fathers, mothers and sisters. Just this last week, I lost a friend. A dear friend. So tonight, I pray for him. He would, I'm sure, tell me to spend my prayers in better places. But I cannot. I pray for him, I pray for his body, but more than that, I pray for his soul. He was a good man. A better friend than I'd ever known. I pray that he knew this till the end. I pray that I remember his sacrifice when my own time comes, so that I too may live as righteously as he. I pray tonight, for him. May we all pray for him and all our loved ones hurt or lost.

I miss my friend, as I am sure we all grieve for those we hold dear. He will remain in my heart and survive in my soul. I pray for him, and I smile when I think of the times we spent together; the good and the bad. I shall remember, always, his voice, thick and gruff from years of drink and hard living, when he called me a simple name. A pet name. I pray I remember it always.

He called me Elf.

May we all remember these little things, for these are the things that matter.

Amen.